

T H E *dep.* 113 (68)

Charming Month of *MAR's* 11621.

GARLAND,

Containing Four Excellent New

SONGS.

- I. *The Charming Month of May.*
- II. *Atrick Banks.*
- III. *An Hundred Tears hence.*
- IV. *He that will not merry, merry be.*



Licensed according to Order.



S O N G I.

O H! the charming Month of *May*,
 When the Breezes
 Fan the Trees is
 Full of Blossoms fresh and gay ;
Oh ! the charming Month of May,
Charming, charming Month of May.

Oh ! what Joy our Prospect yields,
 When in new Livery
 We see every
 Bush and Meadow, Tree and Field:
Oh ! What Joy, &c. charming Joys, &c.

Oh! how fresh the Morning Air,
 When the *Zephyrs*
 And the *Heifers*
 Their odoriferous Breath compare :
Oh ! how sweet, &c. charming sweet, &c.

Oh ! how sweet at Night to dream,
 On mossy Pillows,
 By the Trillows
 Of a gentle purling Stream :
Oh ! how fresh, &c. charming fresh, &c.

Oh! how kind the Country Lass,
 Who, her Cow bilking,
 Leaves her milking

For a Green Gown on the Grass :

Oh! how kind, &c. Charming kind, &c.

Oh! how sweet it is to 'spy
 At the Conclusion,
 Her deep Confusion,

Blushing Cheek and down-cast Eye :

Oh! how sweet, &c. Charming sweet, &c.

Oh! the charming Curds and Cream,
 When all is over,

She gives her Lover, [Name :

Who on the Skimming-Dish carves her

Oh! the charming Curds and Cream,

Charming, charming, &c.



S O N G II.

AT *Atrick* Banks on a Summer Day,
 At Gloming when our Flocks came in,
 I 'spy'd a Lassy young and gay,

Came wandering thro' the Mist her lane ;

My Heart grew light, I ran, I flang

My Arms about her bonny Neck ;

And there I kissed her fu' lang,

For Words they were to no Effect.

Said I, My Lassie, wilt thou gang
 To the Highland Hills the Earse to learn,
 And there I'll give thee both Cow and Ewe
 When we come to the Bridge of Earne.
 There's Meal come in at Leith, ne'r fash,
 And Herrings at the Broomy-Law,
 Cbear up thy Heart, my loving Lass,
 There's Gear to win we never saw.

All Day when we've wrought enough,
 At Even when we sit down to spin,
 And when the Sun gangs West the Cleugh,
 And Winter's Frost and Snow comes in,
 I'll screw my Drone, and play a Spring,
 Thus the weary Winter-Night will end,
 'Till the tender Kid and Lamb-time bring
 The pleasant Summer back again.

In the Highland Hills and Glens you'll see
 The Buck, the Tod, the Mawkin run,
 And on the Banks the Birds agree
 To welcome up the Rising Sun ;
 At Noon our Flocks lye down to rest,
 In May the tender Blade appears,
 And Harvest answers our Request,
 Then never doubt on doleful Fears.

May all the Gods of Love employ
 Their Art and Skill in pleasing thee,
 'Till fondly sooth'd with Cupid's Boy,
 To wander up the Brae wi' me :

*We'll love and kiss as lang's we can,
And we will merry, merry be
Since that Life is but a Span,
It's a' be spent in pleasing thee.*



S O N G I I I .

LET us drink and be merry
Dance, joke, and rejoice,
With Claret and Cherry,
Theorbo and Voice :
The changeable World,
To our Joy is unjust,
All Treasure's uncertain,
Then down with your Dust ;
In Frolicks dispose,
Your Pounds, Shillings, and Pence,
For we shall be nothing,
An hundred Tears hence.

We'll kiss and be free,
With *Moll*, *Betty*, and *Nelly*,
Have Oysters and Lobsters,
And Maids by the Belly :
Fish Dinners will make
A Lads spring like a Flea,
Dame *Venus*, Love's Goddeis,
Was born of the Sea :

With *Bacchus*, yea with her,
We'll tickle the Sense,
For we shall be past it,
An hundred Years hence.

Your most beautiful Bit,
That hath all Eyes upon her,
That her Honesty sells
For an Houtgoust of Honour;
Whose Lightness and Brightness
Doth shine in such Splendor,
That none but the Stars
Are thought fit to attend her:
Tho' now she be pleasant,
And sweet to the Sense,
Will be damnable mouldy
An hundred Years hence.

Then the Usurer that
In the Hundred takes Twenty,
Who wants in his Wealth,
And pines in his Plenty;
Lays up for the Season
Which he shall ne'er see,
The Year One Thousand
Eight Hundred and Three:
His Wit and his Wealth,
His Learning and Sense,

Shall be turn'd to nothing,
An hundred Tears hence.

You Chancery-Lawyers,
Whose Subtilty thrives,
In spinning out Suits
To the Length of three Lives;
Such Suits which the Clients
Do wear out in Slavery,
Whilst Pleader makes Conscience
A Cloak for his Knavery:
May boast of Subtilty
In the present Tense,
But *Non est inventus,*
An hundred Tears hence.

Then why should we turmoil,
In Cares and in Fears,
Turn all our Tranquility
To Sighs and to Tears:
Let's eat, drink, and play,
'Till the Worms corrupt us,
'Tis certain, *post Mortem*
Nulla Voluptas.

Let's deal with our Damsels,
That we may from thence
Have Broods to succeed us
An hundred Tears hence.

S O N G IV.

HE that will not merry, merry, be,
 With a generous Bowl and a Toast,
 May he in *Bridewell* be shut up,
And fast bound to a Post:
Let him be merry, merry there,
And we'll be merry here,
For who can know, where we shall go,
To be merry another Year.

He that will not merry, merry be,
 And take his Glass in Course,
 May he be oblig'd to drink small Beer,
 Ne'er a Penny in his Purse:
Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry, merry be,
 With a Company of jolly Boys,
 May he be plagu'd with a scolding Wife,
 To confound him with her Noise:
Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry, merry be,
 With his Mistress in his Bed,
 Let him be buried in the Church-Yard,
 And me put in his Stead:
Let him be merry, &c.